

THE LEISURE HOUR

A FAMILY JOURNAL OF INSTRUCTION AND RECREATION.

"BEHOLD IN THESE WHAT LEISURE HOURS DEMAND,—AMUSEMENT AND TRUE KNOWLEDGE HAND IN HAND."—*Cowper.*



MR. JULIUS VAN BROEK IN SEARCH OF MILES SLOWBURY.

THE GREAT VAN BROEK PROPERTY.

CHAPTER VII.—MR. VAN BROEK HEARS NEWS OF AN OLD ACQUAINTANCE, AND VISITS THE NEW YORK HOSPITAL AND THE NEIGHBOURHOOD OF THE FIVE POINTS IN CONSEQUENCE THEREOF.

"Extras! Extras! 'Ere's yer extras. 'Herr'ld,' 'Tribune,' 'Times'! Great noos from Europe! 'Ere's yer hextras. On'y two cents—hextras!"

The New York newsboys—little, ragged, sharp-eyed, keen-visaged urchins, ranging from five to fifteen years of age, and chiefly of Irish parentage, though of American birth—were rushing from the different newspaper offices in full cry, each with his bundle of the half-sheets, or

more frequently mere slips, under the title of "extras," which the newspaper publishers of the United States are accustomed to issue on the arrival of a mail steamship, the occasion of a railroad accident, the breaking-out of a fire, the result of a battle or of a pugilistic combat; in fact, upon any and every occasion—sometimes to the number of half a dozen or more in as many hours—that will furnish them with an excuse to increase the revenues of their journals with the chance coppers of the public.

"Buy a hextra, sir—'Herr'ld' hextra, sir? Latest noos out. Great an' 'portant noos from all parts of Europe, jist arrived," said a sharp-looking lad, who

rushed forth from amidst a group of his fellows to accost a tall, dark-complexioned gentleman, who had just alighted from a street railroad-car at the terminus near the park, and was hurrying into Broadway. The gentleman carried a carpet-bag in his hand, and had, apparently, from his dusty appearance, just arrived off a journey.

He was hastening on in the direction of the Brooklyn ferries, and was seemingly anxious to get home. Nevertheless he stopped for a moment as the boy overtook him opposite Barnum's Museum, and said—

"What's that, my boy? Fresh news from Europe, eh?"

"Yes, sir; fresh an' 'portant noos from Europe, jist arrived. On'y two cents."

"Here—quick—give me an extra, then," said the gentleman, feeling in his pocket for the money. "Stay, though; I've been duped by you scamps often enough. Show me where this important news is."

"Yes, sir," replied the boy. "I never tricks nobody, sir. Some on 'em does. Wait a minnit: I'll soon p'int it out." And he began to turn the half-sheet about, under pretence of looking for the news, while waiting for the gentleman to put the money in his hand.

The gentleman, however, was too wary to pay the two cents beforehand.

"I see no European news, you young rascal," he said, glancing over the sheet.

"Yes, sir. I'll show yer, sir. 'Portant noos, it ses," and, having apparently discovered what he had been searching for, he held out the extra in one hand, and opened the other to receive payment.

The gentleman read the large print **IMPORTANT NEWS** :—

"THE U.S. MAIL STEAMSHIP 'NIAGARA' IS REPORTED TO HAVE ARRIVED OFF SANDY HOOK AT TWO O'CLOCK P.M. IT IS THOUGHT THAT SHE BRINGS IMPORTANT NEWS FROM EUROPE. WE SHALL ISSUE AN EXTRA AS SOON AS WE RECEIVE THE MAIL."

"You young rogue!" he said. "Do you call that news from Europe?"

"Yes, sir; noos—'portant noos. Don't it say so?"

"Be off with you. You ought to be horsewhipped, and the editors too. It's an imposition upon the public."

"Tain't on'y two cents, sir, and there's a shockin' soocicide wot's worth the money."

"Buy a 'Times.' Buy a 'Tribune,' sir," cried several other boys, who had been watching the ill-success of their fellow-news-vender. "Them 'Herr'd' hextrys ain't of no account."

"Be off, all of you," said the gentleman, walking rapidly away.

"Carry yer portmantle, sir—carry yer valise? On'y charge yer five cents to the ferry," cried a chorus of boys, finding that they could not dispose of their extras. "Carry it for three cents?"

The gentleman hurried on, taking no notice of these offers, and the pleadings speedily changed to vituperations.

"Thar goes a swell wot reads the noos fust, and then wun't buy a hextra. He gets his readin' cheap, he do," cried the first lad, whose trick had been discovered. The other boys followed in chorus. "Yah! g'long. You wants to buy a hextra! You calls yerself a genelman, does yer? A genelman wot gits his noos for nothin', and carr's his own portmantle! Yah-h-h!"

"Chnt! let him alone, poor beggar," said one of the bigger lads. "I guess how he ain't got no money. Hey, mister, do yer want to borrow a trifle? I don't mind lendin' on yer a cent to pay the ferry." "Hey!

g'long. Yah-h-h-h!" yelled the whole of the lads in chorus, as the gentleman passed on, taking no notice of their abuse, though the prolonged yell, common to the "rowdies" and *gamins* of the United States, rung in his ears as long as he continued in sight of his tormentors.

Arrived opposite Wall Street, he looked up at the clock of Trinity Church, and compared the time with that of his watch.

"I shall be late," he muttered to himself. "I shall hardly reach Brooklyn Heights by dinner-time."

Again his ears were saluted with the cry of "Extras." In the present instance the newsboy was endeavouring to force the sale of his sheets by crying the most interesting items of news.

"'Rival o' the 'Niagary'! great noos from Europe! shockin' soocicide in Jarsey city! 'lections in Ohio! terr'ble accident in Centre Street! squatter troubles in the northern district o' the State! all for two cents!"

"Ha!" exclaimed the gentleman; "the squatters at their work again? That may interest me."

"Here, my lad; an extra—quick," he called to the boy, who ran across the street and handed him the half-sheet.

He gave the lad a five-cent piece and walked on, without waiting for the change, glancing over the columns of the extra as he walked. Suddenly he stopped short, as if he had been pulled up by main force. Had any passer-by looked into his face at that moment, he would have supposed that he had been suddenly seized with illness. His complexion assumed a sickly, yellowish hue, and for a moment his strength seemed to fail him. The cause of his alarm, however, was not the brief report of a trivial affray between some of the State militia and a party of squatters, which had occurred in a distant part of the State, but a short paragraph which referred to a serious accident that had occurred on the previous day, and which read as follows :—

"A man named Miles Slowbury, who, it is said, has recently returned from India, met with a severe and probably fatal accident yesterday afternoon. The unfortunate man was knocked down and run over by a street railroad-car in Chatham Street, and was picked up senseless, and taken to the New York Hospital. We learn that he recovered consciousness soon after he was received in the hospital; but it is thought that he is seriously injured internally, and doubts are entertained of his recovery."

"Miles Slowbury!" muttered the stranger when he had recovered in some measure from the shock which the perusal of the report had occasioned—"Miles Slowbury! lately returned from India! He, of all men, to come, as it were, to life, and to turn up in New York just now! There can hardly have been two Miles Slowburys in India; and Miles had relations in New York. I thought he had been dead for years. Why should he have returned just now from India, even if I have been mistaken in supposing him to be dead? And why has he not acquainted me with his return? He must have heard that I am in New York. Where is he?" The stranger, whom the reader will recognise as Julius Van Broek, glanced at the sheet again. "Ha," he said; "carried to the New York Hospital. I must see him, even if I don't reach Brooklyn to-night. It is best to know at once whether he means mischief. Let me think. Where is the hospital? Ha, I recollect: off Broadway, on the left-hand side going up."

Turning about, Mr. Van Broek proceeded to retrace his steps. He stepped, however, into the Howard House as he was passing, and called for a glass of wine and

left his valise, promising to call for it in the course of an hour or two, and, thus disencumbered of the weight of his baggage, walked on more swiftly until he reached the hospital. Here he inquired for a patient named Slowbury, who had been received into the hospital on the previous afternoon.

The hospital steward looked at his entry-book. "Miles Slowbury," he read, "aged forty-two. Compound fracture of right arm above the elbow. Admitted to accident ward 6 p.m. yesterday. Removed by his friends at 8 a.m. this morning."

"You see, sir," said the steward, looking up from the book, "the man has been removed by his friends."

"Yes. Can you tell me the address of the persons who have removed him?"

"The warden can, I dare say, sir," replied the steward. "I will send and inquire. Will you please to take a seat?"

Mr. Van Broek seated himself, while a negro attendant was sent with the message to the warden.

"You appear to take great interest in this poor man, sir," said the steward.

"Yes," replied the visitor; "I knew him, if he be the man I suspect he is, in India many years ago. I am glad to hear that he is in a condition to be removed. From the newspaper report I should have judged the accident to have been more serious."

The steward shook his head gravely. "The accident was serious enough," he replied. "The poor man was picked up for dead. He was sensible when he was brought in, though he afterwards relapsed into unconsciousness. A compound fracture of the arm is no trifling matter, sir; and this poor fellow has, I have heard, received serious internal injuries besides."

"Yet he is well enough to bear removal?"

"That speaks against him, sir. The doctors would not have permitted a man in his condition to be removed had there been any hope of his recovery. When nothing can be done for a case, and the friends desire it strongly, in the crowded state of the hospital—it needs enlarging sadly, and there is a subscription being made with that object—the removal of one patient gives room for another."

The negro now returned with a slip of paper, on which was written—

"Miles Slowbury, *et al.* 42. Occupation unknown. Entered 6 p.m., 5th inst.; removed 8 a.m., 6th inst. Compound fracture of right arm; reduced. Fatal internal injuries; no prospect of recovery. Address, 27, Orange Street, New York."

"You see, sir, it is as I said," said the steward. "A low neighbourhood, Orange Street; hardly a place that a gentleman would care to visit;" glancing at the fashionable exterior of his visitor.

"The poor fellow's friends may be in need," replied Mr. Van Broek. "In such cases as this no one should hesitate about trifles. I'll call and see the poor man, at any rate."

He rose to take his leave, when the steward directed his attention to the contribution-box.

"Gentlemen who visit the hospital sometimes contribute to the funds," he said. "We depend a good deal upon voluntary contributions. And now that we are about to add two or three new wards, any trifle, however small, will be acceptable."

"Certainly—certainly," replied Mr. Van Broek, and, taking a double-eagle* from his vest pocket, he dropped

the coin into the box, wished the steward good day, and walked away through the hospital grounds into Broadway.

"Now there goes a gent who has got a feeling heart," said the steward, gazing after the retreating figure of his visitor. "We shouldn't want for funds if everybody was as liberal as he. Many call out of curiosity, and think they've done famous when they leave a dollar behind 'em. And then to think of a gent like him taking such interest in a poor man!"

"Tain't eb'rybody dat am got dere goold double-eagles to t'row about dat ar ways, Massa Steward," said the negro. "Make my heart jump for see dat ar twenty-dollar piece go into de conterbootum-box. S'pose I tink ob it, I arx 'um gib lilly moonaration to de mes-sunger. But den, dar, I hab no s'picion he wor so free wid his money. Dat de way wid some folks—allus miss dere oppoortoonity—don't hab no luck like oder folks."

The visitor, however, did not hear these eulogies, as in deep thought he again retraced his steps down Broadway. Crossing the park into Chatham Street, he stopped opposite the steps of the City Hall to watch some children engaged in their merry gambols, and gazed at them so intently, and seemed meanwhile so absorbed in thought, that he attracted the notice of a policeman who was passing by, and who thought he was ill. The man civilly asked him if he felt unwell.

"Unwell!" he exclaimed, abruptly starting from his reverie. "No, my man; I am well enough. I was but watching those little children at their play, and thinking—bah! thinking of nothing," he added, in a different tone of voice, and walked hastily away.

The man looked after him in astonishment, then shook his head and muttered, "Well, that's a queer customer. I guess he ain't all right here;" and he tapped his forehead with his forefinger.

Meanwhile Mr. Van Broek had crossed Chatham Street, and was walking towards the Bowery. "I feel strangely softened to-night," he muttered to himself as he passed along. "The man I am going to see (who they tell me is dying) and I once played together as little children on that very spot where those children are playing to-night. I seemed to see myself and Miles, as I stood watching them, as we were then—innocent and happy. How many scenes have we passed through since, and what a difference between our fortunes! He, poor, maimed, and dying; I, rich and envied—yes, envied by thousands; and yet one breath from this man, whom I believed to have been dead for years—Well, well. Many men would have acted just as I have done, had they been placed in similar circumstances; and at the time I believed, at least, that I was wronging no one. And, after all, perhaps Miles means no harm. He may be ignorant of my return from India, as I was of his being still in life; and he may not know what I have but lately learned: still it looks suspicious—this return from India just now. In poverty, too!" He tried to shake off his gloomy feelings, and quickened his steps, until at length he turned into the street he sought.

"No. 27," he muttered, as he looked at the slip of paper he had brought with him from the hospital. "Fugh! 'tis a miserable hole, and No. 27 must be near the bottom of the street; however, there's no help for it, so here goes."

It began to grow dusk before he had reached the middle of the long narrow street, which is chiefly inhabited by labourers and others of a still lower class, several families of whom occupy rooms in the same dingy, though lofty brick houses. In the doorways and

* A double-eagle is worth 20 dollars, or £4 sterling, and is the largest gold coin current in the United States or probably elsewhere.

on the steps men and women (chiefly foreigners, British immigrants of the poorest class, Germans, Swiss, Scandinavians, people from all the northern nations of Europe, but no French, Italians, or Spaniards, the immigrants from Southern Europe congregating in a locality by themselves) were standing chattering together, while the narrow side-walks were thronged with labourers returning home from the work of the day, and the centre of the street was crowded with dirty ragged children who were romping with each other or rolling in the gutters. There were many negroes among them, as well as among the gossipers on the door-steps; for in these localities, at least, the descendants of Ham are admitted on terms of equality denied to them by most American citizens of a superior class, even though in theory the most ardent supporters of the rights of the negro race to political and social freedom and equality. Here, however, there was no distinction. The white man and the negress, or *vice versa*, stood together, in many instances, in the close relationship of husband and wife, and the child of pure Caucasian type romped and played with his or her companions of every degree of shade, from the bright mulatto to the sablest son or daughter of Ethiopia, in the closest terms of childish friendship. The appearance of a gentleman in that neighbourhood, at that late hour, attracted the attention and excited the curiosity of the grown people, who whispered together, and wondered what the strange visitor wanted, while the children stayed their rude sports to gaze upon him.

He stood for a moment and looked earnestly at a house on the opposite side of the street to that on which he was walking.

"How everything seems to have stagnated in this vile locality!" he thought to himself. "I could almost fancy that it was but yesterday when I visited this street for the first and last time until now, and looked from the windows of that very house; and yet it was twenty—ay, more than twenty years ago. I am changed since then. The city seems like another place; but this street and neighbourhood, the houses and the surroundings—nay, the very men and women and children—appear the same. Had that visit not been made, how different might have been my career! I might never have visited India. If—psha! what is the use of moralizing? Like Cæsar, I may say I have crossed the Rubicon, and I cannot return without humiliation that I dare not submit to. After all, perhaps I am alarming myself for nothing. *Audaces fortuna juvat, timidosque repellit*, as we used to say at Harvard. All that is necessary to a man is to show a bold front, and he may smile at the frowns of fortune. Still, this is an unpleasant *contre-temps*."

The foulest pit has its upper and lower depths. Mr. Van Broek had by this time passed through the upper and fairer portion of the foul street, and, poor and dingy as were the houses, and squalid and miserable as were the people he had passed by, the houses were now meaner in appearance, and their inhabitants were, generally speaking, of a more degraded class. He was now drawing near to the notorious Five Points, the Alsatia of the metropolis of the western world, the chosen or the enforced abode of the most miserably poor, or the vilest outcasts of the city. The dress and ornaments worn by the strange visitor were gazed upon by greedy eyes that evidently coveted their possession. The stranger, however, walked boldly on, conscious that his surest chance of safety depended upon a show of fearlessness. To follow the numbers of the houses was now impossible. Some had no number, others were numbered irregularly. Besides, it was now nearly dark.

At length he inquired which was No. 27 from a group of men and women who were assembled together on a door-step.

"Number twenty-seven is it ye'r axin' fur?" replied a brawny, bullet-headed, broad-shouldered, thick-set man, with the physiognomy of a dissipated pugilist, at the same time scanning the appearance of the querist with an expression which seemed to imply a doubt whether he should return a civil or a rude answer. "An' f'what wud the loikes o' ye be wantin' wid number twinty-sivin, may I make bowld to ax?"

"Don't be sp'akin' to the loikes ov *him*, Jem," said a woman standing by. "Maybe 'tis a dirty blaggard peeler he is."

"Hould yer whisht, 'oman," replied the man, "or maybe it's a wipe o' the soide o' the head I'll be after givin' yez; mukin' and meddlin' as ye do bez allus. Sure the loikes o' me ought to know a peeler whin I seen him."

"I wish to see a man named Miles Slowbury, who has met with a bad accident, and who lives, I am told, at No. 27," the stranger explained.

"'Tis Nance Slowbury the genelman wants, uncle," bawled a younger female from the next doorway. "Is it a missioner ye are, sir?" (to the stranger.)

"A missioner!" sneered the man who had first spoken. "Och! but ye're a fool, Bet. Did yez iver see won o' the city-missioners wid a goold chain, an' wid a dimint ring un his finger? 'Tis a docther he is," added the fellow, confidentially, to a man standing near him; and then, addressing the stranger, he said, "'Tis the fust doore, down below, yander, after yez pass the coort, and Nance Slowbury lives on the top floore."

Some whispering ensued, and the late speaker replied, "No, b'ys, I tell yez; 'tis a docther he is. Let the docther go in p'ace. Maybe 'tis one ov us might be wantin' a docther some day, and thin—"

The stranger took a half-dollar from his pocket, and tossed it to the group, and passed on, amid a shower of blessings on his generosity, and cries of "Long life to yer hunnour!"

He entered the house to which he had been directed without knocking; for the door stood wide open to afford free ingress and egress to the numerous tenants. Several children were playing in the dark, dirty passage, and of one of these he inquired the way to Mrs. Slowbury's room.

"Donno, mister," replied the boy to whom he had put the question.

"Does such a person live in this house?"

"How should I know, mister? Best go and see 'for yerself."

"Give us a copper, mister, and I'll show yer over the house, and yer kin ax the lodgers," put in a dirty little urchin of some eight years old.

Boldly as Mr. Van Broek had entered the house, he shrank from the idea of ascending the narrow, broken staircase, in almost perfect darkness, and on a doubtful and, at the best, disagreeable errand. He stood irresolute for some moments, until a little girl said—

"Please, mister, do you mean Nance Slowbury? I know where's *her* room: it's right upon the top floore."

"Yes, my girl," said Mr. Van Broek; "it is she I am seeking. If you'll guide me to her room I'll give you a five-cent piece."

"You'll tumble through and break yer legs on the stairs, widout a light, if yer don't know where to tread, sir," said the child.

"Can you get me a light, my little girl?" asked Mr. Van Broek.

"If yer'll give me a cent, I kin buy a candle at the corner grocery," replied the child.

Mr. Van Broek gave her a cent, and she went off to procure the candle.

"I axed yer fust, mister," said the boy who had first spoken, as soon as the little girl was gone. "What fur didn't yer say Nance Slowbury, and then a fellar'd ha' knowed? I'll show yer now for a cent, widout a candle. Sall 'ull cut off with that cent; see if she don't, mister."

The child, however, speedily returned with the candle, and three or four lucifer-matches which she had thoughtfully borrowed. She lighted the candle, and disclosed to Mr. Van Broek a bright, intelligent face, which would have been pretty but for the dirt with which it was covered, while the luxuriant brown hair which might have added to her beauty, matted and dishevelled as it was, gave her a wild, gipsy-like look.

"Now give us the candle, and g'long, you Sall," said the boy, offering to take the candle out of the child's hand. "I'm engaged wid the genelman, and you kin foller arter if yer like."

"Be off with you, you impudent little rascal," said Mr. Van Broek. "Now, my dear" (to the little girl), "lead the way, and I'll follow you."

"Take keer, Sally. He'll chouse yer out o' that five-cent bit, see ef he don't," cried the boy. "I'd be paid afore I started a fut, if I wor you. I guess he ain't got five cents in his pocket. Here, mister; say—want change of a dollar bill, eh? 'Cos, ef yer do, I kin't giv it yer. Happened misfortintly, as I paid all my small bills inter the bank this 'ere wery arternoon. Heh—heh—heh! g'long. Yah-h-h-h!" and, with this concluding chorus joined in by all the children following him, Mr. Van Broek and his little guide commenced the perilous ascent of the dilapidated staircase, which, as the child had warned him, he found to be so full of holes that he most assuredly would have fallen and broken his legs had he ventured up alone and in the dark. How they managed to carry the poor patient from the hospital, he could hardly conceive.

On reaching the first crazy landing, he was led by his youthful guide along another passage, with doors on both sides. Some of the doors were open, and as he passed by he looked into the wretched, bare rooms, occupied by sallow, unshaven, villanous-looking men, and pale-faced, blear-eyed, sickly, and slatternly women, and ragged, dirty, blowy children. Some of the inmates of the rooms came to the doors and peered out after him; but none molested him in any way, and, from the whispers he heard, he discovered that he was generally supposed to be a doctor come on a visit of charity to the sick man. Soon he came to another staircase, still more dingy and dirty and rotten than the first. At the top of this staircase the child stopped awhile to get her breath; and as the light fell full upon her face, Mr. Van Broek could not help a feeling of pity that a child so fair and innocent should be left to lead the life that in all probability would be her lot. She assured him that there was yet another passage to traverse and yet another flight of stairs to ascend before he would reach Nance Slowbury's room, and he took the opportunity to ask her a few questions.

"How long have you lived in this house, my little girl?" he said.

"Oh, ever so many years, sir. All my life," was the reply.

Mr. Van Broek smiled as he thought of the length of years that must have elapsed since her birth. "And what do you do? Do you go to school?" he said.

"No, sir. Leastways, I goes to Sunday-school. Nobody else in the house of all the childer goes but me; but on week-days I does chores* for mother, 'cos she's sick."

"You, so young! Why, how old are you, little one?"

"Eight years next Thanksgivin', sir. But I 'arns sometimes a dollar a week, besides broken wittles."

"Is your father living?"

"No, sir; I never seen him. Mother was better off when he was livin'. She does sewin' now; but she can't 'arn much, 'cos she's sick."

"And what does Nancy Slowbury do for a living?"

"She does sewin' too, and sich-like. She comes and helps mother sometimes. Please, sir, I like Nance Slowbury, and folks do say how she was a lady oncest."

"Does she live alone?"

"Yes, sir. Leastways, she did. But a big man and a little gal came to live with her a little while ago. The man is him what she bringed home from the hospital to-day."

"She's very badly off, I suppose?"

"I guess she be, sir, now."

"Whose little girl is it that lives with her—her own?"

"No, sir. She ain't married. The man brought the little gal. But I ain't on'y seen her oncest. Nance won't let her come downstairs, on'y with her when she goes out on err'nds. She's younger nor me; but she's dressed most like a lady."

The child again led the way. But Mr. Van Broek had now something else to puzzle him.

"Miles Slowbury brought a little girl home from India with him!" he thought to himself. He could not understand it. But very soon, now, the mystery that perplexed and troubled him would be explained.

Up another flight of stairs, along another dark passage, and at the end of the passage the child stopped opposite a closed door.

"Nance Slowbury lives here, please sir," she said, dropping a curtsy as she spoke. "Shall I knock, sir?"

"No, never mind, my dear," replied Mr. Van Broek. "I'll knock myself. I've come to see the sick man."

"Oh, you're a doctor, then?" said the child. "I guessed how you was, though I knowed you warn't the district doctor as comes to see mother."

Mr. Van Broek did not attempt to disabuse the mind of the little girl. In the character of a doctor he thought he would be more secure from molestation than in any other. He dismissed his little guide with two silver half-dollars, and the child thanked him, and, overjoyed in the possession of her treasure, bounded away to exhibit her wealth to her sick mother.

Mr. Van Broek listened at the door for a few moments. Even now he felt a strange reluctance to make his presence known to the inmates of the room.

"What," he thought, "if I am alarming myself to no purpose? What if, after all, Miles should be ignorant of my presence in New York—or even of my being still in existence? What if he should not be the Miles Slowbury whom I suspect, after all? But there can hardly have been two Miles Slowburys, both in India, and both having friends in New York."

Again he listened, and fancied he heard voices in the room.

He tapped lightly at the door.

"Arrah, now, Biddy," cried a voice from within,

* "Chores," a Dutch term, applied in America to odd jobs. In the United States a charwoman is "a woman who does chores."

apparently that of an aged woman; "if that's ye, come in wid ye at oncest, and don't be afther schamin'. I' what mighty foine manners ye're gitten a houl't ov, all ov a suddint!"

"Surely," thought Mr. Van Broek, "the child must have mistaken the room. That can't be the Nancy Slowbury of whom she spoke!" Nevertheless he tapped again. This time the door was opened by a young and neatly, though poorly dressed, and very intelligent-looking woman, who appeared to be suffering alike from ill-health and deep grief. She started when she perceived that her visitor was a strange gentleman, but, immediately recovering herself, said, in a voice broken with emotion, yet which was evidently the voice of a person of education and refinement far above her apparent condition—

"If you are a doctor, sir, I thank you kindly for calling; but I am sorry to say you are too late. My poor uncle is—dead."

THE FIVE SENSES.

I.—TOUCH.

SOME readers may dispute the accuracy of our general heading, and may affirm that there are six senses, if not more. As our purpose, however, is not to discuss the matter scientifically, but to treat it popularly, we keep to the popular enumeration—touch, taste, sight, hearing, smell. We reserve for after-consideration some remarks on the senses in general—on their functions, their limits, their fallacies, their education, and their relation to other parts of the system. It will be better first to treat of each of the five separately.

Let us commence with that of touch, it being simplest. Unlike all the remaining senses, that of touch needs no special organ, and accordingly is endowed with none. We see with eyes only, hear with ears only, smell with nose only, and, lastly, taste with mouth and tongue only; hence these respectively are special organs. In regard to feeling the case is different. Evidently we can feel with any part of the body; we can feel all over, notwithstanding that certain parts are more highly endowed as to sense of touch than certain other parts. In different animals the delicacy of touch varies for one and the same member when comparison is possible. Human beings feel most acutely with the tips of their fingers, and that part of the lips where the inner membrane joins the external skin. Elephants feel most acutely with the extremities of their trunks. Cats, dogs, and other whiskered animals, with their lips and cheeks, through impressions conveyed by their whiskers. Generally the statement holds good, that in any animal body the part endowed with the most acute sense of touch is the most prominent part; and this for a very obvious reason. Similar in function to the whiskers of cats and dogs are the antennæ of bees, wasps, ants, and many other insects. Who amongst us has not seen these little creatures trying the nature of objects around, by touches of the antennæ? The muscular horns of snails and slugs are provided with a double sense. On the summit of each horn is a minute black dot, recognisable in certain specimens by the unaided eye, in all when looked at through a magnifier. These dots are eyes, not so elaborately constructed as the visual organs of man, but elaborate enough for all the modest needs of a snail. It seems, then, that the horns of snails are visual organs, besides which they are feeling organs. Snails and slugs do not stand alone in the matter of being endowed with

eyes at the tips of their horns; lobsters are similarly provided, as any one may convince himself by common naked-eye inspection.

Knowing that animals *do* feel, one of the first questions naturally arising is whether the apparatus through which feeling is accomplished be discoverable on inspection. To this the anatomist and physiologist answer yes. Every one knows that the sense of feeling is ministered to by nerves. If any touch-sensitive organ be carefully dissected, the nerves here referred to will at once become manifest. In a human hand, for example, and especially at the finger tips, close under the skin, those nerves are discoverable. They ramify like a network spread out in such manner as to be readily amenable to impressions. That nerves are really the agents of touch—*feeling*—is proved by much concurrent evidence. Who, for example, amongst us is not aware that legs and feet lose their faculty of touch sometimes through resting upon the hard edge of a chair? Anatomy furnishes a consistent explanation. Dissection teaches that the trunk of the great sciatic nerve is pressed upon in the position just stated, and, being compressed, is no longer able to convey impressions; hands and arms, too, may become numb, or go to sleep. Whenever this happens, the brachial nerve has been pressed upon, as anatomy reveals. In man and all the higher animals nerves are easily recognisable, whether they be nerves of touch or otherwise. They are seen to run in thread-like forms more or less white, forming meshes of network, something like the skeleton fibres of a dissected leaf. In certain of the lower animals, however, as in the zoophyte sea-anemones, such filaments are not present. Nerve-matter does indeed exist there, but not arranged in the form of threads; it is mingled up with the other materials of these animated bodies, in the condition of small dots, for the recognition of which microscopic power is necessary.

Intimately connected with the sense of touch, though not belonging to it in the popular use of the term, is that exaltation of feeling which people agree to call pain. Physical pain would be a proper limitation; seeing that mental emotions may originate pain also.

Physical pain, however, is not exclusively referable to extreme impressions, conveyed through the sense of touch. It follows also as the extreme result of acting violently upon either of the other four senses. For example, if a bottle of strong hartshorn or aromatic vinegar be forcibly held underneath a person's nose, whereby the sense of smell is oppressively acted upon, the result is pain. Overtasked vision is also painful, as some of us have discovered, after using our eyes too much. Pain is caused by bitter aloes, when laid upon the tongue, or by Cayenne pepper. Then, if our own individual experience do not suffice to answer the question whether the sense of hearing may not be tortured into pain, Mr. Babbage can be consulted.

Poets do not always bear literal translation—no, not even Shakespeare, worldly wise in his generation though that great poet was. Most of us know what Shakespeare wrote about the crushed beetle—how, being crushed, it suffers "a pang as great as when a giant dies." Science disproves that teaching, and well it does, else what a torture-chamber would be this world of ours! It may be advanced that, inasmuch as poor beetles cannot record their sufferings, proud man, the philosopher, is left to interpret the case so as best may square with his own side of the argument. The evidence is presumptive of course, and so must remain until beetles can speak for themselves. Be the fact remembered, however, that Shakespeare wrote presumptively too, and without the

knowledge of comparative anatomy to guide him. The evidence comparative anatomy brings to bear, though presumptive, is weighty, in the very highest degree that sort of testimony admits of. Comparative anatomists entertain no doubt as to the fact that the capacity for pain possessed by any given animal is directly proportionate to the complexity of nervous organization. The nerve apparatus of a beetle is visibly less complex than that of man. The insect has neither brain nor spinal marrow, whereas human beings have both.

What certain evidence of pain is there as regards any creature not endowed with voice?

This is a very important question, a very curious one too. It opens up a somewhat abstruse branch of physiology—viz., the “reflex function,” as it has been called, of nervous influence. The reflex function may be popularly described as a certain influence whereby animal motion is sometimes accomplished wholly irrespective of sensation or volition. As an example, take this: when we step upon an earth-worm, and the creature writhes, does that writhing imply of necessity the existence of pain? No, it does not. That the creature really suffers some pain is most likely; but the degree of it should be slight. To judge from the nervous system of an earth-worm, its writhing cannot of itself be held as conclusive evidence of pain at all.

In the higher animals the two functions of motion—viz., that resulting from the exercise of will, and that attributable to the reflex function (of which latter the patient reader shall learn more by-and-by)—are intimately mingled, allied, thus to speak; but the exercise of volition predominates. Descending lower and lower in the animated scale, we find that the reflex function, or motion irrespective of the will, gains upon motion produced by volition. “*Should gain*,” perhaps I had better write, seeing that here again, although the evidence is as strong as presumptive evidence can be, nevertheless it is presumptive. If the conclusion be accepted, then will it follow that the sensation of physical pain must diminish in the same proportion as reflex nervous influence predominates over sensation and volition. As a corollary it must also follow that the capacity for physical pain, owned by creatures so simple in nervous structure as earth-worms, must, by comparison with what human beings can feel, be slight.

I can readily assume that the reader would, for the moment, be glad to disprove this hypothesis. I can fancy him advancing the argument, perhaps, that it tends to encourage cruelty to animals. No, that it *does not*; but it tends, happily, the writer thinks, to the belief that the amount of necessary physical suffering in the world is not near so great as would otherwise be inevitable. The teaching of science in this matter is a source of comfort and consolation. Do we not find in it the belief, if not the proof, that God deals with the living beings of his creation more lovingly than the poet imagined?

People of gloomy minds have often speculated on the use of physical pain, regretting that human existence should not have been disposed without it. Surely no great depth of thought is needed to arrive at a certain conclusion as to the use of pain—physical pain. Surely we find in it a monitor, a protector. Feeling pain, we strive to avoid the cause of pain, and thus often escape from danger. “Intuitively strive” my pen was about to have written; but that would have been opposed to what presently shall be explained. The reader must be made to understand the manner in which not only the sense of touch, but all the senses, get translated into action. Take the following case. Inadvertently, it

shall be assumed, my finger comes into contact with a red-hot iron. The touch is painful: I withdraw my finger. The question now is, why? I withdraw it in deference to a message or command emanating from somewhere within my organization. Immediately we ask “Whence, how, or whereabouts?” we merge into speculation. Philosophers who have studied the case entertain no doubt but that the mandate flows from the brain and spinal marrow. They have good warranty for coming to that conclusion. The brain offers some curious facts relative to the senses. Sometimes all portions of the upper part of the brain may be destroyed, lost through accident, yet no sense impaired: nevertheless, a very trifling pressure on the brain’s surface (propagated downwards, of course, to its base) throws the patient into a state of senseless lethargy. Taken altogether, the spinal marrow may be regarded as more essential to life than the brain ordinarily so called. After this digression—one necessary in its way—return we to the case of the burned finger. It moves away in deference to some sort of mandate passed to it from some part within. Of what sort is the mandate? Is it an effort of the will? In my case—in the case of any adult—it might seem so; not, however, in the case of a baby. Motion of the finger away is not the result of volition in the latter case assuredly. Shall we call it instinct? Well, no; that would be tantamount to the confession that we know nothing about it. Something is known about it; the reflex function that we treated slightly of at the beginning has intimate reference to the case assumed. We must readvert to it.

Like most great discoveries, that of the reflex nervous function resulted from the labours of more than one philosopher. Dr. Marshall Hall must be regarded as the actual discoverer of the reflex function; but the path had been prepared for him by Sir Charles Bell; and Mr. Grainger has the merit of demonstrating the existence of nervous arrangements that Dr. Hall had theoretically indicated. Up to the time of Sir Charles Bell nerves were said to “come” from the brain and spinal marrow. That philosopher, however, demonstrated the impropriety of such a mode of expression. He proved that nerves both come and go. He demonstrated that what people had been hitherto in the habit of calling a nerve is really an assemblage of nervous strings laid down together in one and the same cable, to adopt a common telegraphic simile. If an electric cable be cut across, and the section examined, several metallic wires will be found embedded within, running the entire length of the cable. Through certain of these wires messages are sent away, through certain others messages are received; and thus is it with the nervous cord of an animal, according to the teaching of Sir Charles Bell, now universally accepted. We are now in the position to understand something more of the philosophy of a burned finger. No sooner does the hot iron touch it than an impression is conveyed by one set of nervous filaments to the sensorium—by which is meant the brain and spinal marrow taken together—then through other nervous filaments (wires, as we may say, packed in the same cable) comes the order that the finger do move away. This is the result; and this much was known to Bell himself. It remained for Dr. Marshall Hall to show that the return message was not, *could not be*, in all cases attributable to volition. He satisfied himself by much close and beautiful reasoning that a motor faculty must exist independent of volition; and Mr. Grainger almost simultaneously demonstrated the existence of a special set of nervous filaments corresponding to the use Dr. Hall had discovered for them.

Besides the reflex functional nerves placed in communication with the brain and spinal marrow, there exists another set altogether independent of external impressions. This set is called collectively the sympathetic system, the main office of it being to preside over what we may call the *department of the interior of living bodies*.

Contemplate, now, some of God's beautiful provisions as recognised in the nervous system of animals. By no effort of the will, *volition*, on our part can we influence the heart's throbbings. Whether we will, or do not will, this organ goes beating on, pumping away, till death makes it quiet for ever. To the Deity it has seemed fit that an organ so important as the heart should not be amenable to man's sometimes capricious will. Our hearts have been placed, therefore, each under the guardianship of the great sympathetic system of nerves, filaments of brain and spinal-marrow nerves being almost entirely wanting. Herein, moreover, do we recognise the explanation of the well-known fact that the heart, though punctured or lacerated from accident, is susceptible of very little pain.

Contrast what has been stated in regard to the heart with what happens in respect to the function of breathing—respiration—and mark the difference. To a certain extent, and for a certain time, we can each of us control the function of respiration—*breathing*. At pleasure, and within certain limits, each individual amongst us can hurry or retard his breathing. For a certain period even the act of breathing may be stopped. By the exercise of no amount of volition, however, can either of us stop his breathing entirely. The function is provided for by some motive power wholly independent of the will. How beautiful this provision when we calmly think about it! How completely are the breathing needs of animals provided for! If the power of restraining the breath for a time were not given us, occasions might arise when great inconvenience and suffering, not to say death, might happen through the want of it. A man descends a dry well, for example, and, being down, suddenly discovers by the extinction of his candle that an atmosphere of poisonous gas is there. He has to stoop and withdraw a friend, perhaps—one who has fallen down into the well. Under these circumstances, the advantage of being able to hold one's breath for a time is obvious. If, however, the function of breathing had been placed wholly under the will's control, one could not have breathed when asleep, for then volition is inactive. The Deity has provided for all eventualities by placing this important function under the mixed control of volition and of reflex action; the latter partly emanating from the spinal marrow, partly from the great sympathetic system. It is well known to anatomists that nerves of feeling, or ordinary sensation, are distributed with greatest profusion over the surface of animal bodies. Deep down in the tissues the ramifications of touch-nerves are few. An explanation of the arrangement is at once supplied to the mind reflecting upon the conditions which make the sense of touch useful to animals. Owing to this arrangement it also is that deep injuries from accident, and surgical operations involving deep cutting, do not induce a pain at all commensurate with the depth. Surface operations are most painful, because nerves of touch mostly ramify upon the surface.

The sense of touch is not a demonstrative, showy sense. Unlike vision, it cannot make known to us the secrets of far away worlds, or even things not immediately contiguous to the part that touches. It has no such delight as hearing, to give us that exquisite sense

which opens up the domains of music. The degree of precedence as between touch, and taste, and smell we will not seek to discuss; content to know that each sense is useful in its own sphere, and not thus useful merely—each sense being ever ready to come to the aid of a stricken neighbour. Whenever one sense fails, the others do their best to compensate the failing; and in this way touch perhaps, more than any remaining sense, is especially docile. If we would be aware of the extent of delicacy to which the sense of touch can be brought by education, we should mark what certain blind persons can accomplish by touch alone. At Kendal there lived, some years since, and there may live there still for aught the writer knows, a botanist named Goff. Mr. Goff was totally blind, yet he could tell the name or species of most plants by the touch. The writer numbers amongst his acquaintances a gentleman totally blind who turns remarkably well at the lathe. Perhaps the case is the more extraordinary that the blindness was the result of accident occurring towards middle life. Before the accident the writer's friend was not endowed with a more sensitive touch than persons usually are. The delicacy came when wanted, to compensate for vision departed. Instances might readily be multiplied did space permit; but we have written all that we have room for at present concerning the sense of touch.

THE FEAST OF DEDICATION.

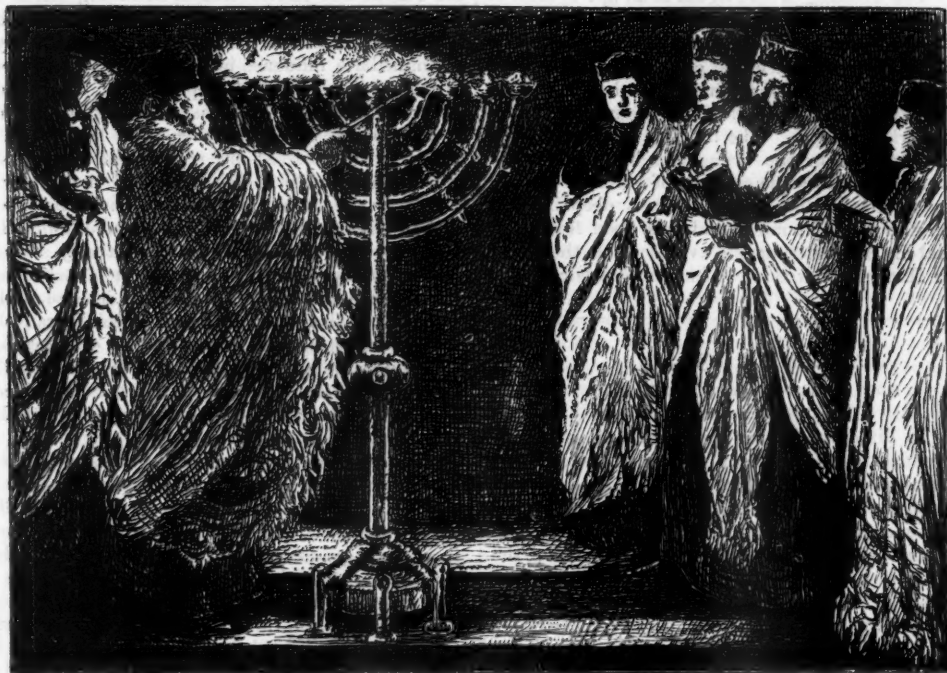
We propose to present our readers from time to time with pictures (after drawings executed by Mr. Simeon Solomon) of various rites and ceremonies observed by the Jews at the present day in their synagogues and homes. We believe that such illustrations will not be without interest, as they will serve to show in what manner several commandments of the Bible are carried out in practice by this ancient people.

We commence with an engraving of the principal ceremony observed at the Feast of Dedication, which is celebrated by the Jewish community about the close of the year. The origin of this feast, unlike that of any of the other festivals solemnized by them, does not date from an event related in the Old Testament, but from one in the Apocrypha. It was instituted by the Maccabees, as a memorial of the great deliverance which God had wrought for their countrymen, and of the great victory they had obtained over the king of Syria. In the year 169 B.C. Jerusalem was invaded by the hosts of Antiochus Epiphanes. The public practice of the Jewish religion was proscribed by the tyrant, under penalty of death. His godless troops sacked the Temple, and defiled it by setting aside the worship of the Most High, and erecting a statue of Jupiter Olympus within the sacred precincts. The keeping of the Sabbath and the reading of the law were declared to be offences, to be punished with death. But, notwithstanding these edicts, aged priests, hoary teachers, pious women, and innocent children with unflinching heroism paid with their lives for their fidelity to their religion. Foremost among those who braved the tyrannical orders of Antiochus was the family of Matathias the Asmonean, an aged priest. His son Judah, surnamed the Maccabee,* took the command of a small phalanx of warriors, and excited their courage to the highest pitch by communicating to them his own ardour and enthusiasm. He addressed them in

* It is believed that this word is derived from *makel*, hammer, and that Judah was so called from his great personal strength and the weight of his blows; as Charles, the Carovingian chief, for the same reason was called *Martel* (the hammerer).

speeches the like of which never before had general spoken. He encouraged them with the declaration of Jonathan (1 Sam. xiv. 6), "There is nothing can prevent the Lord from giving help, whether there be many or few," and with the soul-stirring appeal, "We fight for

brethren, with the whole congregation of Israel, ordained that the days of the dedication of the altar should be kept in their season from year to year, for the space of eight days from the five-and-twentieth day of the month Chislew, with mirth and gladness." It is in commemo-



S. Solano.

our lives and our laws." The able leaders sent against him by the Syrian king were successively defeated, and thus was achieved the triumph of a petty province over a great empire, which, according to Hales (Analysis ii. 551), "is hardly to be paralleled in the annals of history."

As soon as Judas Maccabeus had become the undisputed master of Judea, he determined to carry out the object which he and his adherents had most dearly at heart—to cleanse the Temple of Jerusalem from the defilement of idolatry. When they entered the Holy City they found the gates of the Temple burnt, and the sanctuary dilapidated. In the deserted and neglected courts of the Lord's house shrubs were growing, "as in the forest or on the mountain." At this sight the heroes wept like children; they rent their garments, and strewed ashes upon their heads. With tearful eyes, but heartfelt gratitude, the Maccabees set about their task of repairing, cleansing, and consecrating the sacred buildings. The work of restoration was carried on with such ardour that the inauguration of the Temple could take place, and the public worship again be performed, on the 25th of Chislew (December), 166, the self-same day on which, three years before, Antiochus had defiled the holy edifice.

The renewed dedication was ushered in with great solemnity. At the earliest dawn the priests' trumpets were sounded, a new fire was kindled by the striking of two fire-stones, and as soon as the flame ascended to heaven the lamb of the daily sacrifice was offered, the holy candlestick was lighted, and every other part of the Divine service was performed. The festival of dedication lasted eight days, and, to perpetuate its memory, we read in the Book of the Maccabees that "Judas and his

ration of the lamps of the holy candlestick having again been lighted, and of the houses of Jerusalem having been illuminated during this festival, as Josephus relates (Antiq. 99, lib. xii. c. 11), that the principal ceremony observed by the Jews on this festival consists in lighting lamps. One is kindled on the first night, two on the second, and so on till the last night, when eight are lighted. Tradition also relates, in explanation of this observance, that, when every preparation for the inauguration was completed, no consecrated oil could be found for the sacred lights, and the pious Maccabees feared to contaminate the purity of the restored utensils by using oil that had been desecrated by idolaters. In this strait a small jar of oil, with the seal of the high priest still intact upon the cover, was found; and though the quantity of oil which it contained was only enough for the requirements of one day, yet, by a special blessing, it sufficed for the consumption of eight days, during which period new oil was obtained and consecrated.

In the accompanying sketch we see the rabbi, clad in the *tallith*, the garment bordered with fringes (according to the commandment contained in Numbers xv. 37—41), lighting the eight-branched candlestick. The choir, who chant the responses, stand round him. The rite is introduced by the recitation of benedictions: "Blessed art thou, O Lord our God, King of the universe, who wrought miracles for our fathers in those days and in this season." Then a thanksgiving is offered to the Lord, who did "deliver the mighty into the hands of the weak, a multitude into the hands of a few, the defiled into the hands of the pure;" and the whole concludes with the singing of the 30th Psalm, that is so

remarkably appropriate: "I will extol thee, O Lord; for thou hast lifted me up, and hast not suffered my foes to rejoice over me. . . . Thou hast turned for me my mourning into dancing: thou hast put off my sackcloth, and girded me with gladness." The festival, named Hanukah in Hebrew, is also called the Feast of Lights. The kindling of the lights is an apt symbol of the light which Providence shed upon Israel, and which dispersed the darkness of an overwhelming tyranny. The small flask of oil that lasted during the eight days may typify the small spark of faith that had remained in Israel, and which was kindled into pious enthusiasm among the whole people. The lighting of the candles is not alone observed in the synagogue, but also in the houses, accompanied by the singing of suitable hymns. This simple ceremony has always made a deep impression upon the youthful mind, and has been found instrumental in perpetuating the event which the great composer Handel has wedded to immortal music.

AMERICAN FURS:

HOW TRAPPED AND TRADED.

By J. K. LORD, F.R.S.

It would be difficult to name any branch of commerce that has tended more to develop man's energy, courage, and patient endurance of every hardship and privation than has the fur trade. To the explorations of sturdy trappers, pioneers, and adventurers of all classes, and from all countries, in pursuit of fur, we may trace the sources from which the knowledge of three-fourths of the continent of North America has been derived.

The use of furs, as of other skins, may be said to have existed since the days when man first wore garments; but not until the early part of the sixth century was there any direct trade in furs brought from remote districts. At this early period we find the wealthier Romans used sables from the shores of the Arctic Ocean. In the twelfth century wearing furs had become very general in England, and we learn that Edward III, in 1337, made an order that none of his subjects should wear fur unless able to command an income of £100 per annum. About the seventeenth century the idea of establishing a settlement for the purpose of procuring the rich furs said to abound on the shores of the frozen seas was suggested by one Grosseliez to the French Government, but being coldly received he left France and came to England, and obtained an interview with Prince Rupert. This negotiation ended in the fitting out of a ship, which in 1638 reached the land which has since borne the name of Rupert's Land. The ship returned after a sojourn of three years, with a report so favourable in all its details that several noblemen and gentlemen of wealth, headed by Prince Rupert, formed themselves into a company, and subscribed a capital of £10,500.

In 1670 a charter was granted by Charles II, giving the new company, calling themselves "The Hudson's Bay Company," the entire possession "of all the lands and territories upon the countries, coasts, and confines of the seas, lakes, bays, rivers, creeks, and sounds, in whatsoever latitude they shall be, that lie between the entrance of the straits called Hudson's Straits." It would be of little interest to trace the gradual rise of this Company, or to relate the terrible jealousy, forays, and deadly feuds that for many years, to the disgrace of civilization, raged betwixt the Hudson's Bay and a rival company, that subsequently grew into existence, known as the North-west Company. These feuds happily

ended about the year 1838, when the two companies, to use an Indian expression, "buried the hatchet," and became one, still retaining the old title, "The Hudson's Bay Company."

The territories of this Company are truly enormous, extending from the Canadian frontier to the shores of the Pacific and Arctic oceans, including lands that on the one hand own allegiance to Russia, and on the other to the United States. The area of the country under its immediate influence is about 4,500,000 square miles in extent, divided into 4 departments, 53 districts, and 152 trading posts. This vast extent of hunting country is everywhere sprinkled over with lakes, and in all directions intersected by rivers and lesser streams, abounding with edible fish. East of the Rocky Mountains are vast prairies over which roams the bison, lord of the plains; whilst west of these mountains the land is densely timbered. The most northerly station, east of the Rocky Mountains, is on the Mackenzie river, within the Arctic circle; so terribly intense is the cold at this post that axes tempered specially can alone be used for splitting and cutting wood, ordinary hatchets breaking as though made of glass. West of the Rockies, the most northerly station is Fort Simpson, situated near the Silka river, the boundary betwixt Russian America and British Columbia.

The system of trading at all the posts of the Company is entirely one of barter. In early days, when first I wandered over the fur countries east of the Rockies, money was unknown; but this medium of exchange has since then gradually become familiar to the Indians, and the all-potent dollar is rapidly asserting its supremacy in savagedom.

The standard of value throughout all the territories of the Company is still, however, the skin of the beaver, by which the price of all other furs is regulated. Any service rendered, or labour executed, by the Indians is paid for in skins; the beaver skin being the unit of computation. To explain this system more clearly, let us assume that four beavers are equivalent in value to a silver-fox skin, two martins to a beaver, twenty musk rats to a martin, and so on. As an example, let us suppose an Indian wishes to purchase a blanket or a gun from the Hudson's Bay Company: he would have to give, say, three silver foxes, or twenty beaver skins, or two hundred musk rats, or other furs, in accordance with their proper relative positions of worth in the tariff. For a very evident reason, the price paid for furs is not fixed in strict accordance with their intrinsic value; if this were so, all the valuable fur-bearing animals would soon become extinct; as no Indian would bother himself to trap a cheap fur whilst a high prized one remained uncaught. He may very possibly have to pay five silver fox-skins for blankets (worth about £3), the value of the skins paid representing £40; still he can, if he chooses, buy the same article by paying for it in musk rat, yellow fox, or other fur of inferior worth. The Company very generally issue to the Indians such goods as they need up to a certain amount, when the summer supplies arrive at the posts—these advances to be paid for at the conclusion of the hunting season. In hiring Indians east of the Cascade Mountains, whilst occupied in marking the boundary line, our agreement was always to pay them in beaver skins, say, two or three per day, in accordance with the duty required; but this agreement did not mean actual payment in real skins—a matter that to us would have been impossible—but that we were to give the Indian an order on the nearest trading post of the Hudson's Bay Company, to supply him with any goods

he might select up to the value of the beaver skins specified on the order.

The trading posts of the Company are strange, quaint-looking places, built according to a general type. A trading fort is invariably a square inclosed by immense trees or pickets, one end sunk deeply in the ground and placed close together; a platform, about the height of an ordinary man, is carried along the sides of the square, so as to enable any one to peep over without being in danger from arrow or bullet; the entrance is closed by two massive gates, an inner and an outer; and all the houses of the chief traders and employes, the trading house, fur room, and stores, are within the square. In many of the posts the trade room is cleverly contrived, so as to prevent a sudden rush of Indians; the approach from outside the pickets being through a long narrow passage, only of sufficient width to admit one Indian at a time, being bent at an acute angle, near the window, where the trader stands. This precaution is rendered necessary, inasmuch as were the passage straight they might easily shoot him. At the four angles are bastions, octagonal in shape, pierced with embrasures, to lead the Indians to believe in the existence of cannon, and intended to strike terror in any red-skinned rebel daring to dispute the supremacy of the Company.

The total worth of the furs that have been collected by this Company alone, at a rough estimate, represents a money value equal to £20,000,000 sterling. It will be interesting to give a brief history of the various furs traded by the Hudson's Bay and other companies, how and where caught, together with a statement of the average number of each species annually imported from the Company's territories and other fur-yielding countries.

Foremost in the list is the Hudson's Bay Sable (*Mustela Americana*). The pine martin, or sable of North-west America, is not esteemed so valuable as the sable from Russia, known to naturalists as *Mustela Zibilina*; but there is no doubt that the two species are in reality one and the same, the difference of temperature, and other local modifying causes, readily accounting for the better quality of the Russian fur. About 120,000 skins are brought on an average into this country every year by the Hudson's Bay Company, and to these we may add quite as many, if not more, from Russia and Tartary. The lighter-coloured skins are usually dyed, and frequently sold as Russian sable. Martin trapping requires great skill and experience. The favourite haunts of the little robber are the pine forests, especially where dead or burnt timber abounds. Its food consists of anything he can catch by craft or cunning, young birds and eggs, squirrels, the lesser rodents, marmots, and rabbits. The trap most frequently used is a fall trap (although sometimes steel traps are employed, in other words the ordinary rat gin). The fall trap is of Indian invention, and a very ingenious contrivance. A half circle is first built of large stones to the height of about three feet: then a heavy tree is laid across the entrance, one end being raised and supported on a contrivance, very like the figure of four trap, used by boys for catching small birds; a dainty bit of rabbit, or a ruffed grouse skinned, is hung on a projecting stick, built into the back of the semicircle of stones. The little poacher can only get at the bait by creeping under the tree; then seizing it, and finding himself unable to pull it down, he backs out, tugging the string to which the bait is attached along the stick, on which rests the figure of four, supporting the tree. Just as the centre of his back comes under the fall or tree, he looses the support by tugging the meat off the stick, when down it falls on him, killing him instantly, but doing no injury to the

fur. The winter fur is by far the most valuable, and the Indians say, the first shower of rain after the snow disappears spoils the martin. The animal is skinned somewhat like a rabbit, the skin being inverted as it is removed, then placed on a flat board, and so dried in the sun. A good martin skin is worth in the trade from two and a half to three dollars, about ten or twelve shillings. Very fine martins come from the western slopes of the Cascade and coast ranges of mountains; the further north, the darker and better are the skins.

The Russian Sable inhabits the forest-clad mountains of Siberia, a desolate, cold, inhospitable region. The animal is hunted during winter, and generally by exiles. There are various methods of taking the sable. Great numbers are shot with small-bore rifles; others are trapped in steel and fall traps, and many taken in nets placed over their places of retreat, into which they are tracked on the snow. Who can picture to himself, without shuddering, the case of the condemned sable-hunter? He leaves, with heavy heart, the last thinly-scattered habitations which border the pathless wilds; a sky of clouds and darkness is above, bleak mountains and gloomy forests before him, the recesses of the forests, the defiles of the mountains must be traversed—these are the haunts of the sable. The cold is below zero, but the fur will prove the finer! Nerved by necessity, and stimulated by the hope of sharing the gains, on he presses. Fatigue and cold exhaust him, a snow-storm overtakes him, the bearings or way-marks are lost or forgotten. Provisions fail, and too often he who promised, to his expecting and anxious friends, a speedy return, is seen no more. Such is sable-hunting in Siberia, and such the hapless fate of many an exile, who perishes in the pursuit of what only adds to the luxuries and superfluities of the great.

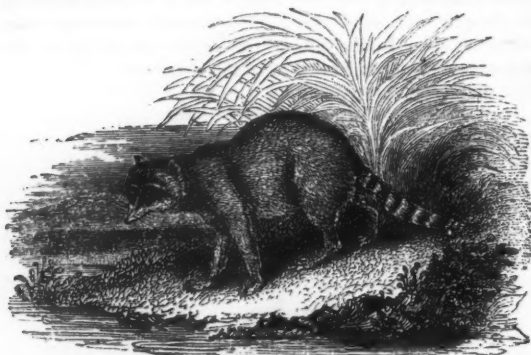


The Fisher (*Mustela Pennanti*) is very similar to the pine martin in all his habits, but much larger. Why it was named a fisher I could never imagine, as it is not known to catch fish or go in the water, except to wash or swim a stream. It climbs readily, and lives on birds and rodents. A very fine pair are in the Regent's Park Zoological Gardens. It is trapped much in the same way as the martin. The tail is very long and bushy, tapering to a fine brush-like point, and quite black. At one time a large trade was carried on with tails, only the tail being worn by Jewish merchants as an ornament in Poland. About 12,000 fisher skins are annually imported. I obtained some remarkably fine specimens of the fisher in the pine woods of the Na-hoi-le-pit-ke valley, on the Columbia river. The value, or trade price, in British Columbia, is from two dollars fifty cents to three dollars per skin. The fisher in full winter fur makes a far handsomer muff than the sable.

The fur of the Mink (*Mustela vison*) is vastly inferior

to either the fisher or martin, being harsh, short, and glossy. The habits of the animal, too, are entirely different. The mink closely resembles the otter in its mode of life, frequenting streams inland, and rocks, small islands, and sheltered bays on the sea-coast. It swims with great ease and swiftness, captures fish, eats mollusks, crabs, and any marine animal that falls in its way. Should a wounded duck or sea-bird happen to be discovered by this animal, it is at once pounced upon and greedily devoured. On the inland rivers it dives for and catches great numbers of cray-fish, that abound in almost every stream east and west of the Cascades. Along the river banks, the little heaps of cray-fish shells direct the Indian to the whereabouts of the mink, which is generally caught with a steel trap baited with fish. The trade price is about fifty cents, or two shillings per skin. Very little of the fur is used in England, the greater part being again exported to the Continent. About 250,000 skins are annually imported. I procured some very fine specimens of the mink at Vancouver Island, that are now stuffed and set up in the British Museum.

The Ermine (*Mustela longicauda*) of North-west America is hardly worth importing. The fur never grows long, or becomes white enough in winter. The Indians use it for ornamental purposes, and often wear the skin as a charm or *medicine*, as they term it. In summer the ermine-weasel is reddish brown. The best ermine comes from Siberia, Norway, and Russia. The black of the tail was, in the time of Edward III, forbidden to be worn by any but members of the royal family.



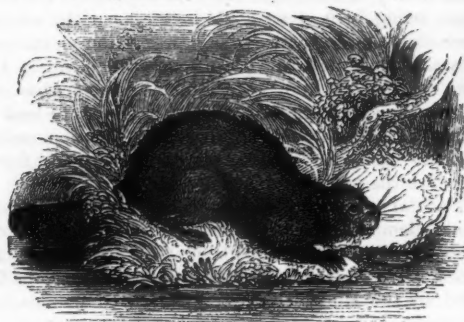
THE RACCOON.

The Raccoon (*Procyon lotor*) is widely distributed throughout North and North-west America. Crafty and artful to an American proverb, his life is entirely one of brigandage, plundering on every available opportunity, and waging destructive war on any bird, beast, or reptile inferior to himself in strength, courage, or cunning. The fur is not very valuable, being principally used in making carriage rugs, and lining inferior cloaks and coats on the Continent. About 520,000 skins are sent annually from the Hudson's Bay Company's territories. They are generally shot; those that are trapped are taken in steel traps.

The three species of foxes traded by the Hudson's Bay Company are the Red Fox (*Vulpes macrourus*), the Cross Fox (*Var decussatus*), and the Silver Fox (*Var argentatus*). I quite concur with Professor Baird in making the red fox of British Columbia and Oregon a distinct species, and in considering the cross and silver foxes as varieties of the red. I have again and again carefully examined large numbers of fox skins at the different trading posts of the Company, and have invariably found every inter-

mediate tint of colour, merging by regular gradations, from the red into the cross, and from the cross into the silver and black, rendering it often a difficult question even for the trader himself to decide which of the varieties a skin really belonged to. The Indians also positively assert that *cubs* of the three varieties are constantly seen in the same litter. The black and silver fox skins are very valuable, a good skin fetching readily from forty to fifty dollars, £10 to £12; the red fox is only worth about as many shillings. About 50,000 red foxes, 4500 cross, and 1000 silver are annually imported.

The Silver Fox fur is almost entirely purchased by the Chinese and Russian dealers. The animals are nearly all trapped in fall traps, very similar in construction to those used for the martin.



THE BEAVER.

The famed Beaver (*Castor fiber*), in both structure and habits, is by far the most interesting animal killed and hunted for the sake of its skin. So much was its fur in demand, prior to the introduction of silk and rabbits' fur, in the manufacture of hats, that the poor little rodent had in some districts become nearly exterminated. Descriptions of their *houses* and *dams* have been so frequently given by various writers that it would be waste of space to repeat them here. On the streams in Southern Oregon the beaver is most abundant, and one shallow lake I accidentally came upon was literally filled with beaver-houses; there must have been many hundred habitations, as the lake was quite a mile in width, and round it the trees were felled in all directions, as if the land was being cleared for farming. I do not believe the curiously flattened scaly *tail* is ever used, save as a powerful *oar*, or rather *rudder*, aiding the animal to dive and swim, but particularly in towing heavy sticks in rapid streams or across pools to its dams and houses. Quite as many trees are cut by the beaver's sharp teeth to procure food as to construct dams; the bark of the topmast branches of the *Populus tremuloides*, or aspen, being its favourite diet.

The beaver trapper, be he white man or Indian, must, of necessity, lead a solitary, desolate, and dangerous life. To be alone in the wildest solitudes of unknown wastes demands a courage and endurance of no ordinary kind. The lone trapper knows not the emulation, the wild hurrah and crash of music that cheers the soldier as he marches steadily up to the deadly breach; he cannot feel that powerful incentive to be brave arising from the knowledge that a gallant deed will be handed down with his name in the pages of history; he has no opportunity for display before his fellow-man: alone with nature and his Creator, he is self-dependent, and his indomitable courage can only spring from a firm reliance on

his own strength, ever supported by an unseen hand. A beaver is a very difficult animal to trap. The trapper knows at a glance the various marks of the animal, called *signs*; these discovered, the next operation is to find out how the beaver gets to his house, which is generally in shallow water. Then a steel trap is sunk in the water, care being taken to regulate the depth, so that it may not be more than twelve or fourteen inches below the surface; this is accomplished by either rolling in a log, or building in large stones. Immediately over the trap is the bait, made from the *castor*, or medicine-gland of the beaver, suspended from a stick, so as just to clear the water; with a long cord and log of cedar-wood as a buoy (to mark the position of the trap when the beaver swims away with it), the trap is complete. The poor little builder, perhaps returning to his home and family, scents the tempting castor purposely placed in his road; he cannot reach it as he swims, so feels about with his hind-legs for something to stand on; this, too, has been craftily placed for him. Putting down his feet to stretch up for the coveted morsel, he finds them suddenly clasped in an iron embrace; there is no hope of escape. The log, revealing his hiding-place, is seized by the trapper, and the imprisoned beaver despatched by a single blow on the head, and the trap set again. A trapper will sometimes spend many weeks camped near a good beaver village. About 60,000 skins are now brought from the Hudson's Bay Company's territories, but a great many skins are also procured from various places in Europe and the north of Asia. Just to illustrate the difference betwixt the trade in beaver now as compared with what it was, we may mention that in 1743 the Hudson's Bay Company alone sold 26,750 skins, and over 127,000 were imported into Rochelle. In 1788 Canada supplied 170,000, and in 1808 126,927 skins.

The principal use made of the fur now is in the manufacture of bonnets in France, and in making cloaks. The long hair is pulled out, and the under fur shaved down close and even by a machine; some of it is still felted into a kind of cloth. The castor, too, is, or rather used to be, an article of considerable trade for medicinal purposes; but in these days of progress it has become nearly obsolete, although it is still purchased from the Indians.

The Musk Rat (*Fiber Zibeticus*) is very like the beaver in many of its habits. A species that I brought from the Osoyoos lakes, east of the Cascades, which proved to be new, now called *Fiber Osoyoosensis*, makes a house precisely like a beaver; others live in holes in muddy banks. The Indians generally spear them through the walls and roofs of their dwellings. Their fur is of very little value, although many hundred thousand skins are annually imported. Large bundles of the tails of the musk rat are constantly exposed for sale in the bazaars at Stamboul as articles for perfuming clothes.

The Lynx, or wild cat (*Lynx canadensis*), is common east and west of the Rocky Mountains. The fur, though soft and prettily marked, is not of much value. It is either trapped in a steel trap or shot in the trees. I need only mention casually (as the systems of taking the animals are pretty much the same) the Otter (*Lutra canadensis*), of which about 17,000 skins are often procured, and the Wolf (*Lupus griseus*), which supplies 15,000.

The Wolverine, or Glutton (*Gulo luscus*), is a curious beast, like a tiny bear, but the most dire and untiring enemy to the martin trapper, following his steps, and eating the martins after they are caught. It is almost impossible to *cache* (hide) anything that these robbers

do not find and destroy; their strength is prodigious, and they do not hesitate to attack a wounded deer. The fur is coarse, but used for muffs and linings. Those from Siberia are deemed the best. About 1200 are generally imported. In size the wolverine is rather larger than our English badger; in colour dark brown, tails, legs, and underparts black; a light yellowish band extends over the flanks, reaching to the tail. A grizzly patch, almost white in old animals, covers the temples. The head is much like that of the bear, the eyes are remarkably small, as are the ears, which are nearly concealed in the fur. The feet, large and powerful, are armed with sharp, curved claws. The hair is quite as long as that of the black bear, but of coarser staple. In North America it is almost entirely confined to boreal regions; its farthest southern range being the valley of the Salt Lake, in Utah territory. The glutton is voracious and bloodthirsty, but fortunately its size by no means equals its ferocity; there hardly lives a more cunning, crafty animal, preying on beavers, musk rats, and squirrels. By tracking them, or lurking hid amongst the lichen and moss-covered branches of the pine-trees, it pounces upon its prey and speedily kills it. The sharp incisor teeth, six in each jaw, together with the formidable claws, enable it to overcome animals even superior to itself in size and strength. It appears a connecting link betwixt the bears and weasels.

The Skunk (*Mephitis Americanus*), so renowned for the terrible stench it emits when interfered with, is very much more handsome than useful. So potent is the smell of the secretion it has the power of squirting many yards that I have frequently buried articles of clothing and steel traps for weeks, and then the stench has been as bad as ever. The Indians generally shoot the skunk, and always skin it under water. About a thousand skins are usually collected.

Bears, black, brown, and grizzly, are always in demand, and used for innumerable purposes. The number killed annually is not easily obtained, but, at a rough average, may be estimated at about 9000. The greater number are killed in the winter, during their period of hibernation.

The fur of the Sea Otter (*Enhydra marina*) is by far the most valuable traded, and is very difficult to obtain. The animal is generally caught in nets, or speared by the coast Indians in the sea; a good skin is worth £40, trade price. The sea otter ranges from Alaska to the Californian coasts in the North Pacific. It appears to be an intermediate link between the true seal and the otter, but very little is known about its habits, or mode of reproduction. Nearly all the sea otter fur goes to China.

There is also an immense trade in Rabbit fur. Added to the many thousand skins that annually come from the Hudson's Bay territories, 1,300,000 are sold every year in the markets of London, the skins of which are used in the fur trade.

In South America, living in the valleys along the slopes of the Andes, is a curious little animal (*Chinchilla lanigera*) half hare, half rat, the fur of which is known as Chinchilli. This fur was much valued and extensively used by the older inhabitants of Peru and Chili, being manufactured into a fine kind of cloth, and then made into articles of clothing. Many thousand skins annually find their way into our markets, and are consumed in the manufacture of muffs, tippets, and lining for cloaks. The animal is entirely a vegetable feeder, and of most harmless and inoffensive habits. A pair may be seen in the Regent's Park Gardens.

Another South American fur in great request is that of the Coypu (*Myopotamus Bonariensis*), also called

Metrid, from the Spanish for "otter," a name derived from the similitude the fur bears to that animal. Nearly all the skins are obtained from Rio de la Plata.



THE CHINCHILLA.

About 1,125,212 skins were imported in one year; latterly the supply has been less, although it is still very considerable. The long hair is plucked out, as in the treatment of beaver, and, when dressed, the skin much resembles that of the beaver both in colour and texture, and is used for similar purposes.

All the fur skins previously mentioned are collected during the fall and winter months at the different trading posts; and, as the systems adopted at the various posts is pretty much the same, a brief sketch of the routine at Fort Colville, on the Columbia river, will suffice for all.

As the furs are brought by the Indians, they are traded by the person in charge of the trade-shop. If an Indian were to bring a hundred skins of different sorts, or all alike, he would trade off every skin separately, and insist on payment for each skin as he sold it; hence it often occupies several days to barter a batch of skins; and it is a curious and interesting sight to watch a party of Indians selecting from the stores articles they require, as they dispose of skin after skin. An Indian trader needs to possess more than average patience. The skins, as purchased, are thrown behind, and then carried to the fur room, and piled in heaps, that are constantly turned and aired. In the spring, as soon as the snow is gone, generally in April, the whole force, about four whites, the permanent staff (the rest composed of hired Indians), begin to pack all the skins in bales of from eighty pounds to one hundred pounds in weight. The outer covering is buffalo skin; loops are made to each package, so as to sling them over the pack-saddles; the pack-saddles are repaired, and raw hide strips cut to fasten the bales on to the horses. The Company's horses, about one hundred in number, that have been wintered in some sheltered valley, under the care of the Indians, are now brought to the Fort. This is called fitting out the brigade. Their destination is Fort Hope, situated at the head of navigation, on the Fraser, there to meet the steamer bringing the yearly supplies. This is the annual grand event in the chief traders' and employes' lives, and is looked forward to as a school-boy anticipates his holidays. All being ready, the bales of fur are crossed over the Columbia in *battus* (flat-bottomed boats), and the horses swim, a distance of four hundred yards. Safely across, they are packed and started. The trip to and from Fort Hope occupies from two and a half to three months. On arriving at the Fort the furs are handed over to the steamer, and the various goods to supply the trade at Fort Colville, until a similar exchange next year, are handed over to the chief trader, who generally goes in charge of the brigade.

I was present at Fort Hope, in early days, at a meeting of the brigades from Thompson's river, Camiloops, Fort Colville, and elsewhere, and it was truly a quaint and singular sight. The wild look, long unkempt hair, sun-burnt faces, and leather costumes of the traders, were only exceeded by the still wilder appearance and absence of almost any clothing amongst their Indian attendants. The scene whilst the brigades remained was one continuous orgie; still no harm came of it, and obedience was always readily observed towards the traders when disputes, and sometimes blows, demanded their interference. When the brigades depart for their several destinations, the steamer leaves for Victoria, where the furs are all sorted and repacked, being pressed into bales by an enormous lever; and rum and tobacco are placed betwixt the layers of skins to keep out insects and the larvae of moths. They were shipped on board the "Princess Royal," that annually brings out the stores from England to Vancouver's Island, and are eventually sold at public auction in London.

Such is a brief outline of the fur trade, as carried on by the Hudson's Bay and other American companies

THE BORDER-LAND OF LONDON.

ONE of the unavoidable consequences of the monstrous and ever-increasing spread of the metropolis is that girdling fringe of waste land which encompasses it on all sides, and forms such an unpicturesque introduction to the capital, enter it from what quarter we may. All round the vast circle in which three millions of busy citizens find home and occupation, the belt of waste and wilderness constitutes a kind of border-land, a charmed though anything but a charming district—a district in which nature struggles with the aggressive arts of the brickmaker and the builder, and is doomed to succumb in the struggle. In some places a more steady and persistent opposition is made to the encroachments of town over country than is the case in others. Occasionally we find meadows of grass-land in which the cattle are grazing, and continue to graze until the very last minute, when the sod, which on that spot shall never bloom again, is turned up under their very noses, and they are driven further afield; but, more commonly, the soil that has been relegated to the builder is suffered to run to waste in its last days, affording playgrounds for the children of the neighbourhood, and gratuitous pasture for convalescent donkeys and costermongers' hacks. Attempts are sometimes made when it is too late to inclose patches of land which have thus been left open for a time; but these attempts generally prove a failure, the fences being apt to supplement the firewood of the borderers little by little, or to disappear in a lump on some fifth of November night in a flame of Protestant enthusiasm. Very various is the aspect of the border territory, and, without some practical acquaintance with the unobvious mechanism by means of which London is fulfilling its destiny, it would be difficult to account for the phenomena which occasionally present themselves. Thus in one locality you shall find a nursery-ground of a single acre, or less, surrounded with tall houses and shops already past the skeleton stage, and striving in vain to perpetuate its tender flowers and plants amidst the stifling smoke and fumes of adjacent kilns. In another a piece of ground of a couple of acres or so forms an unsightly desert in the midst of a new suburb of fashionable villas. In a third a populous colony of wooden sheds and pantiled huts, the homes of a thousand or two of the lowest

classes, all heaped so closely together that there is scarcely wheelbarrow room between their ranks, flanks a grand terrace of lofty mansions designed for the retreats of the wealthy. The explanation of these apparent anomalies would be found in the greed and the cunning of the parties concerned as owners or lessees of land, who often outwit themselves. The nurseryman, you would probably find, would not sell his single acre when it was wanted for the projected improvements, or lease it on any reasonable terms, and, having no money to build himself, is left to its enjoyment when it is no longer enjoyable. The occupier of the two acres holds them on a lease which will expire in a few years, and, having demanded an unconscionable sum for its surrender, is allowed to retain them. As for the colony of huts swarming with roughs and bad characters, it was run up by one builder with the amiable intention of ruining the speculation of another, with whom he was at mortal enmity, and who, in consequence of their disagreeable vicinity, is compelled to let his grand houses at an unremunerative rent, or not let them at all.

A good proportion of the border territory is bought in small lots by speculators in land, who have not, and never had, the intention either of cultivating it or building on it; and it is generally these lots that have the most desolate and rueful appearance. The intention of the owners is merely to "bide their time," and sell again when the value of the soil has risen to meet their modest expectations. How well these patient individuals are paid for their patience the reader may gather from a single transaction which took place within the writer's knowledge. A paddock at the corner of a road was bought twenty-two years ago for three hundred pounds, and was sold twenty years later for three thousand five hundred. Other speculators buy land neither to cultivate, build on, nor sell again, but to let on building-leases, looking to the receipt of ground-rents at some future time for their profits. Ground-rent is invariably high in the ratio of the population, and in London it is perhaps higher than it is anywhere else in the world. An acre of land, the fair rent of which for tillage would not be thirty shillings a year, will yet afford space for some forty eight or ten-roomed houses, each of which will pay ten pounds a year to the ground-landlord, and that whether it is let or not. The exaction of ground-landlords was in the last generation carried to a greater pitch than it is now: we could point to houses which do not let for more than thirty-two pounds a year the ground-rent of which was twenty pounds. This greediness, however, was found to defeat its object, and the rents had to be settled at a lower rate. But we are wandering out of the waste border-land.

The characteristic form which the border waste assumes, and which it is liable to retain for an indefinite time, is that of a mapped-out suburb, in which you see the streets and roads laid out on the grass, bordered with rough kerb-stones, and covered with fragments of brick and burnt earth, while there is not even a single house in course of erection. Sometimes this state of things continues for years, and we wonder why it is that London declines to advance in the particular quarter so circumstanced. The reason would be found to be that the land has been rated at too high a price, and the builders have found it more profitable to push their operations in another direction. Such land is usually the property of some wealthy, perhaps titled, personage, and is in the hands of agents, who have plotted it out in what they call "building estates," to which they give some attractive name, and to the re-leasing of which the condition is attached that all the houses shall be

after a certain model. Such prospective suburbs cut a picturesque figure on paper, when artistically designed in water-colours, and we meet with them by scores in the show-windows and on the office-walls of auctioneers and land and house agents, and also on large chromo-typed sheets, along with other pictorial puffs, on railway platforms. With regard to some of them, however, it may be said that they fail lamentably in the realization of their genteel aspirations; from causes which it is hardly possible to specify, much less to control, the tide of fashion will set in an adverse direction, and the district assigned for the wealthy comes, from the sheer despotism of circumstances, to be colonized by the struggling poor—for whom, by the way, one never sees the slightest accommodation prepared in any new building scheme that is set on foot.

Among the dreariest spectacles of London's encircling waste are certain strips and square patches of soil dotted with houses, standing but sparsely here and there, in a half-finished skeleton condition, roofed in rough from the hands of the bricklayer, whose gaping, sashless windows are open to every blast, and which are palpably going to ruin before they are half finished. Now and then it happens, owing to the carelessness of the luckless owners in not planking up the hollow windows, that the blast of a south-wester makes a forcible entrance, and, in getting out again, will carry off the roof and half the side wall along with it. These melancholy spectacles were, a few years ago, much more numerous than they are now, but they are still to be found on the farthest outskirts, north, south, east, and west of London. They are often the monuments or memorials of defunct freehold land societies, whose members, on getting possession of their allotments, did not know what to do with them. Some began to build and were not able to finish, while others would have gladly let their sites to builders, who, for reasons best known to themselves, would have nothing to do with them. Latterly a good many of these allotments have been bought up, little, it is to be feared, to the advantage of the sellers; but enough of them remain to illustrate, as they do most strikingly, the practical folly of a man's meddling in affairs that he does not understand.

While the border territory is in the transition state, being neither town nor country, but only "building lots," it is pretty sure to be made the recreation ground of the poorer pedestrian classes, especially of those inhabiting the nearest populated neighbourhood. It is in these temporary wildernesses that the young cockneys cultivate their sporting tendencies: in the ponds of stagnant water, which are sure to accumulate, the *gamins* will angle for "tittle-bats," or rout among the duckweed for tadpoles, carrying off the game in water-cans with all the pride of successful hunters; and it is here, too, that the juvenile proprietor of a gun makes his first assault upon the birds with powder and shot, which he dribbles into his barrel from the bowl of a tobacco-pipe, and fires off with his eyes shut, to the causeless terror of sparrows, tits, and wagtails. Here also, in winter, the young skater makes his first essays upon the ice, without troubling the Royal Humane Society; since the worst that could happen to him would be a bath of mud to the knees. Such a recreation ground was, within our recollection, Baker's Fields, in Paddington, now the site of Oxford and Cambridge Terraces: such were Pedlar's Acre, in Lambeth; Palmer's Village, in Westminster; the purlieus of Maiden Lane, in Camden Town: and such was all that level district in Piccadilly on which Belgravia now stands. A few short years have covered all these border wastes,

and twenty others which we might mention, with the dwellings of rich and poor.

The first active measures taken for the transformation of the waste into a populous suburb is the making it a worse waste by converting it into a brick-field. This is invariably the case, and is unavoidable, because London, extend as far as it will, and in what direction it will, has to build itself out of its own clay. The advance of the brick-field upon the waste recreation-ground is the phenomenon that greets the pedestrian all round the border; it has been so any time these fifty years, and is likely to be so for centuries to come, until Mother Shipton's prophecy has come true, and "Highgate Hill stands in the centre of London." The swallowing up of nature's greenery by the aggressive bricks is not a pleasant sight to witness, and one can hardly refrain from the expression of some natural regrets sometimes, when witnessing the wholesale way in which it is carried on, involving as it does the utter annihilation of one pleasant and picturesque nook after another. To the north of Islington, stretching away towards the east, there is (we ought rather to say there *was*) a pleasant shady district, which has been the occasional holiday bourn of hundreds of thousands of Londoners for fifty years past, and known under the designation of the "Green Lanes." Hither the pent-up citizens used to resort, with their wives and little ones, to pluck the catkins on Palm Sunday, to carry home the "May" in early summer, and to lounge and pic-nic under the leafy umbrage in the dog-days. For some fifteen or twenty years past the march of brick has been advancing systematically upon this cherished quarter. One after another the leafy avenues, attacked by the spade and mattock of the navy, have fallen prostrate, and many a

"Green and mossy bower,
Deformed and sullied, patiently given up
Its quiet being."

until at length the "Green Lanes" may be said almost literally to have ceased to exist, or to exist only as inclosed private villas and gardens flanking a lordly carriage-way. What is touching, however, while it is not without a spice of the comic, is the fact that on Sundays and holidays the stream of holiday-makers still sets in regularly towards the old bourn. The route they once trod between the tall overshadowing hedges, where the wild-flowers grew and the linnet sang, now leads between the rows of bricks and the smothering reek of kilns; but they make their regular and customary pilgrimages all the same, and will probably continue to do so long after all vestiges of the old "Green Lanes" have vanished from the earth, and nothing of them shall remain but the name.

With each returning year the London pedestrian has to travel farther and farther out to get clear of bricks and mortar, and enjoy the pleasures of the open country. It is true he has compensations. Within the last few years some spacious new parks have sprung up, and numerous railway-stations are open to him (to say nothing of three or four thousand omnibuses), any one of which will book him to the heart of a neighbouring county for a trifle, while for a trifle more he may transfer himself to the seaside. It is doubtful, however, whether, for a large class of the genuine London-born and London-bred populace, any region which lies farther afield presents such permanent attractions as the non-descript border-land we have attempted to portray, which is connected with their earliest explorations, and where they can watch, from month to month and year to year, the growth of the ever-widening capital of the world.

Varieties.

CALAIS TO DOVER TWENTY-FIVE YEARS AGO.—In November, 1791, the sisters were at Paris, on their return from their second journey to Italy. They paid at Calais for the packet to Dover five guineas, and one guinea for their carriage, and they gave besides a gratuity of two guineas to Captain Sayer for the crew.—"*Journals of the Misses Berry.*" Edited by Lady Theresa Lewis.

AGRICULTURAL LABOURERS.—There must be something radically wrong when a hard-working, honest labourer, a "superior man of his class," cannot get more than enough to keep body and soul together after a quarter of a century of toil. In the agricultural counties of "happy England" there are, we fear, thousands and tens of thousands of men whose whole lives are spent in one ceaseless round of dreary labour—who never know what a good meal is from year's end to year's end—whose sole prospect of change is a sojourn in the parish union, when their strength gives way and their arms can work no longer. The evil is patent: the remedy is hard to find. Poverty breeds ignorance; ignorance begets shiftlessness and imprudence; and these in turn foster poverty. So our agricultural working population is reduced to a state of misery.—*Daily Telegraph.*

A GOOD CONSCIENCE.—There is nothing in the world conduceth more to the composure and tranquillity of the mind than the serenity and clearness of the conscience: keep but that safe and untainted, the mind will enjoy a calm and tranquillity in the midst of all the storms of the world. And, although the waves beat, and the sea works, and the winds blow, the mind that hath a quiet and clear conscience within will be as stable and as safe from perturbation as a rock in the midst of a tempestuous sea, and will be a Goshen to and within itself when the rest of the world without is like an Egypt for plagues and darkness. Whatever thou dost hazard or lose, keep the integrity of thy conscience, both before troubles come and under them: it is a jewel that will make thee rich in the midst of poverty, a sun that will give thee light in the midst of darkness, a fortress that will keep thee safe in the greatest danger, and that is never to be taken from thee unless thou thyself betray it and deliver it up.—*Sir Matthew Hale.*

DRESS OF THE DAYS OF THE REGENCY.—The then Marquis of Worcester, though one of the neatest dressed "men about town," had not a particle of dandyism in his appearance; and to show what the costume of that day was—as different to the tweed suits, wide-awake hats, boots, and trousers of the present time as light is to darkness—I will briefly describe the dress of 1816 among the upper ten thousand. In the morning coxcomb trousers very full of pleats, well strapped down under the boots, a buff waistcoat, an elaborately-embroidered blue frock coat, and an extensive tie of white cambric. These were replaced in the evening by tight-fitting pantaloons made of silk stone-coloured web, silk stockings, frilled shirt, white "choker," white waistcoat, blue evening coat, velvet collar, and brass buttons, with a cocked hat. Worcester, who had served in the 7th Hussars, turned his light blue military pantaloons to good account by having the gold lace removed, and startled us not a little by appearing in them one evening in plain costume. Such a dress would in modern parlance have appeared "loud" upon almost any other man, but he blended the other colours so well that there was nothing inharmonious, and his good figure and noble bearing carried him triumphantly through.—*Lord William Lennox's Recollections.*

PETROLEUM TRADE.—The amount exported already far exceeds in value all the other exports from the port of Philadelphia. During the past year the exportation of petroleum from all the ports of the United States averaged 10,561 barrels per week, equal to an annual exportation of 549,173 barrels. The amount exported is 37 per cent. of the amount raised, and the production of petroleum for the year 1885 is therefore estimated at 1,500,000 barrels. The value of this product is stated to be 15,000,000 dollars at the wells, on which the producers have a profit of 12,000,000 dollars. As the oil regions of Ohio and Western Virginia have not yet been very largely productive, nearly all this enormous profit belongs to Pennsylvania.

THACKERAY AND LEECH MEMORIALS.—In the corridor leading to the chapel of Charterhouse two stone tablets have been placed side by side to the memory of two distinguished old Carthusians—William Makepeace Thackeray and John Leech.